

Something More Than Fear

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Summary:

If you think a walk home from work in Derry can be scary, just wait until you get home...

1. The Walk Home

It was another night in the cold, desolate town that you find yourself hating more and more as the days rolled on. You didn't want to live here, but your mother insisted that you settle down in the cheapest, shittiest town in Maine so that you could live closer to your job. It's boring and lonely; not a thing to do and no one to talk to. The brisk, Derry air gently smacks your face as you pace through the soundless streets on your way home from work, the light of the full moon guiding your path.

You would always hear the whispers of the townsfolk murmuring not to walk home alone at night, but you had figured that they were just paranoid, especially considering how many of them have their blinds closed at all times during the day. The stroll home was always creepy, no matter what. The sounds of your footsteps echoing behind you were your only solace, your only company.

You reaaaally wish you lived even closer to your job, like a five second walk from it. It wasn't a *terribly* long walk, but the solitude of it crept under your skin every time.

You watch as a single car drives steadily down the street. The car, beaten up and blue, sputters loudly as it passes by; finally, a fresh sound to drown out the silence. The driver turns their head to look at you, but you didn't catch a glimpse of who they were or what they look like... not like it matters much. You didn't really know much of anyone in Derry. You barely leave your home most of the time, and not many people in this town are willing to get to know you. Something about the town unnerves you to the core, but you didn't know what. You shudder and continue walking. Almost there.

You start whistling the tune to your favorite show to break the stillness. You step to the beat of it, lost in the groove as you strode past the church on Neibolt Street. The chill of the autumn air got colder as you read the sign. *Neibolt Street*. That street, above all others in this eerie town, felt the most desolate – the most unnerving. Whispers amongst the children of the town warned not to go near the abandoned house at the end of the winding road, for whoever does is never seen again. You couldn't help but chuckle; children have such

wild imaginations. You've only seen the house a few times and can understand why children would be terrified of it; you're too stubborn to admit to yourself that it creeped you out too. Still, even if it is a hoax, a bizarre sensation of dread washed over you whenever you passed by the street sign. Absolutely chilling. You turn your head away, hoping to not stare directly at it.

You continue on your way, whistling louder to block the disturbing feeling that rattled you to your core. You could see your small, yet comforting house up ahead. This walk definitely felt longer than usual. You pull your keys out of your pocket, the slight jingle bringing a smirk to your face. Your hands tremble with the breeze, suddenly harsher than before, causing the keys to slip from your grasp.

"Fuck," you mumble to yourself. You bend down to pick them up. The silence of the town more overbearing than ever. That is, until you hear the tune you were just whistling echo nearby, which cut through the silence like an axe. You jump, dropping the keys again. "Shit!"

The whistling grew louder as you scramble to snag your keys off of the cold, dark asphalt. If there was one time you'd wish there was quiet, it would be right now. You grab your keys and look at the ground. The whistling was almost blaring in your ears now. A shadow nearly twice your size stretched along the road, consuming the shadow that once was yours. You feel your heart begin to race as the shadow continues stretching. You muster up the courage to turn around, the key gripped firmly in your hand for protection. You close your eyes and twist your body behind you.

You open your eyes. Nothing was there.

You notice a shadow sneak by the sign to Niebolt Street. You choose to ignore it, knowing deep in your heart that that would be a *very* bad idea. You take a deep, shaky breath and follow the path home, keys still between your fingers. When you reach the front door, you feel overwhelmed with the same sensation of dread that crept up on you when you passed Niebolt. You hesitate opening the door, but you know that once you walk in, that feeling will pass as it always does.

You shove the key into the lock and open the door. Home at last. The entirety of the living room was shrouded in darkness. It wasn't anything new, but you still can't help but have a lingering anxiety hanging over you as you walk in. You close and lock the door behind you, even securing the chain lock for extra protection; not like it would matter much if whatever you thought you saw was after you. You flick the light switch by the entrance, but to no avail – nothing turns on.

“Oh, beautiful,” you sigh. You hear a pitter-patter of footsteps clamor in the darkness, causing you to gasp aloud. “W-who’s there?!”

You take out your phone and turn on the flashlight, coating the room in a bloom of light. You don't see anything. A bead of sweat trickles from your forehead. You hear the footsteps again, this time emanating next to you. You rotate your body towards the noise. You begin to shudder; you're genuinely starting to freak out.

“I have to be dreaming,” you mutter to yourself, shaking the phone as you tremble. The footsteps start to sound off everywhere until you can feel yourself surrounded by an invisible force. The light on your phone starts to flicker. “God damn it!”

The light flickers on and off. You hear a raspy laughter coming from in front of you. You tilt your flashlight upward as it brightens. You're greeted to nothing, yet again. You take a deep breath, hoping that this is just your imagination.

The light flickers off. You look up to see two bright, orange eyes that hungrily stared you down. You hear a low growl skulk from whatever those menacing orbs belong to. You whimper slightly, knowing that the thing in front of you is going to hurt you. *Kill* you.

The light flickers back on, revealing the pale, white face of a clown with elongated front teeth. The clown gave a wide, intimidating grin, revealing more jagged teeth as it slobbered onto the floor. The sharp, red lines that curved from the ends of its mouth to above its glowing, hungry eyes was widening alongside his smile, making the intruder's face contour frighteningly. You put your hand over your mouth, dropping your phone as you jumped backwards.

The light flicker off again. The eyes vanish into the dark abyss. The feeling of dread overcomes you, causing your entire body to quake with fear.

You sense a cold grip around your neck, whom you presume is death itself. The hot, heavy breath of whatever is grabbing hold of you moistens your back. You hear it snarl once more; no human could possibly be making that sound. You feel the room spinning, dropping your still-flickering phone as it gave brief glimpses of the clown thing as it drew its body closer to you. Incredibly warm, yet its hands were cold as ice.

You fade in and out of consciousness. The thing whispers your name as your fear consumes you.

“Time to float...”

2. Not Quite Ripe Yet

Summary for the Chapter:

Where are you now? What does that clown... thing want from you...?

You feel your heavy eyes flutter open. Everything feels dizzy; your head feels as if it's splitting into two. *What happened?* Last you remember, you were being grabbed by what looked like a demonic clown; bright, auburn eyes that stared into your soul. You take a hefty breath in as your eyes fully lift open. You take in the environment around you and realize immediately that you are not at home. No. Where you were was covered in cobwebs, destroyed furniture, decaying walls, and a floor coated in multiple thick layers of dust. The room is lit only by the aura of the full moon that peeked through the boarded up windows. You sat comfortably on a decrepit mattress with springs jutting out of every angle and a pelt of mold consuming the edges. You writhe in disgust.

You can feel your heart beating rapidly as you try to recall what happened to you and how you got to this shithole. You can barely remember anything other than the sinister, pale face of the clown... thing. You try to take the thought of its face out of your head, but you start to realize that that thing is what brought you here... wherever HERE is. It takes you a moment before you realize that this house gives off that identical eerie feeling you experience when passing Neibolt Street. Is this... the house of no return that the kids around town chant about? You breathe sharply as you process the situation you're in. Looking up you see a door – an escape! As you begin to stand up, your legs feel... off. You wobble over to the closed door in front of you. As you reach for the door handle, you fall to the ground. Your legs feel stiff, almost as if you have lost full control of them. You stretch your arms and manage to grab a hold of the handle. You jiggle it, but nothing happens. You begin shaking it with full force, but the door refuses to open. You thrust your fists against the door, pounding with as much strength as you could muster.

“HELP!!!” You call, knowing that no one would answer. But you still persist, banging the door as hard as you can. “PLEASE, SOMEONE!!!

ANYONE!!!”

“Nice try,” a deep, raspy voice croaked from behind you. It let out a hideous chuckle as you hear the mattress creak. “No one to help you. *How sad.*”

You gyrate your body towards the voice. To your dismay, that voice belongs to the clown, who gazes at you longingly from the other side of the room, licking off the drool that accumulated from the edge of his grinning mouth. He elongated himself on the dirty mattress, poised as if he were modeling for you.

“What... what exactly do you want from me?” Tears begin to form as you choke out your words. The clown begins to stand up, his body cracking and popping as his limbs contorted to allow him to stand. His tall stature causes him to nearly hit his engorged head on the dusty ceiling. Sweat drips from your pores as he starts shuffling towards you.

“What do *I* want?” He hums, almost mockingly, taking each step towards you as slow as possible, dragging his clown boots across the floor followed by an ear-piercing scraping noise. His mouth pulls apart wider, revealing a set of glistening fangs that illuminated with the light of the moon. “I wanna drink the fear from your veins, like tiny blue straws.”

Tears swell in your eyes as the lanky clown lumbers nearer, slobber dripping from his plump red lips and hitting the floor. He seems to be creating a trail with how much drool has dribbled from his mouth. He lowers himself to you, crouching down on his lengthy, slender legs. His shining eyes much too close for comfort. They narrow onto yours. A smile unfurls on his lips, saliva now leaking onto your clothes.

He leans in even closer, your noses nearly touching; you get a waft of his breath as he exhales deeply. It smells like... *popcorn*? He snatches your face with one of his large, gloved hands. His nostrils flare and his chest rises as he takes in a whiff of your scent. You probably smell like sweat and anxiety, yet he seems to enjoy your scent. A little too much. You watch as he utters a delighted “*mm*” after breathing in your aroma.

His mouth gapes open as a long, slippery tongue creeps out from behind his cage of fangs. The red, almost blood-glossed tongue grazes on your cheek, sliding gently as if your face were a flesh lollipop. A low growl escapes his lips as saliva polishes your cheekbones. He's enjoying every bit of flavor that your skin could provide.

"You're not quite ripe yet," he snickers, his slimy tongue rescinding back into his saliva-riddled mouth. You didn't want to know what he meant by that, but it sure as hell scares you. He studies your face. His beady, demon eyes darting rapidly as he moves your face with his hand, soaking in every intricate detail. "What *scares* you?"

"Y-you," you mumble, managing to jerk a smirk from your trembling lips. You're half-right; while the terrifying clown beast on the verge of killing you is scary, you know your other fears are much more complicated than that. The fear of failure, the fear of letting people down, the fear of *intimacy*. A lot of different fears scramble across your brain, fears you didn't even know you had. You can feel the clown picking at your mind from the inside. He knows what scares you.

"Oh, I *wish* adults were that easy," he rasped, his warm popcorn-scented breath hitting your face. You can't help but stare at the monstrous clown before you as he spoke. The closer he is to you, the more enraptured in his presence you become. He is scary and absolutely disgusting; drooling like a starved mutt hunting for its next meal, eyes that reminded you of the devil himself, and the teeth of a lamprey waiting to attach itself to a clod of blood... but there is an oddly alluring sensation you have while he's this close to you. The longer you gaze into his bizarre eyes the more that feeling grows. He wants to kill you, maybe even eat you *alive*. You shouldn't be feeling this... attraction yet you continue to look at him, letting your mind explore the possibilities of what you can do with this creature. You try to push the thoughts from your mind; intimacy isn't something that comes naturally for you, and this *thing* is far beyond the realm of what's considered natural. "You're scared, oh yes, but you're *not* scared to my liking."

He places his right hand on your quivering leg, running it up and down gently. You feel a sharp prick permeating from under his glove as it glides along the length of your thigh. His eyes are locked onto

yours and his sneer grows wider as you react to the touch. He squeezes your thigh and relishes in the redness on your face, chuckling gleefully. Your heart races as his hand reaches further up. You aren't sure how to feel about this. This monster can smell your dread – your anxiety of feeling attraction towards someone... or *something*. But you're feeling something more than fear right now, something *different*... and he knows it. He takes another whiff of your scent, licking his lips frivolously.

“Something more than fear,” he rumbles; it's as if he's been reading your mind. His eyelids lower, dimming the glow from his threatening eyes, only presenting them as hungrier. You shut your eyes as his right hand hovers over your crotch. He leans his face into yours, his hot breath filling your nostrils. You can hear him pucker his red lips, smacking them together as they approach your mouth. You try to cover your mouth, but the clown grips onto your hand and pulls it aside. His left eye drifts askew. *“Ah, ah, ah. None of that.”*

He shoves his lips onto yours, sloppily entering into an awkward, chaotic kiss. They're warm and strangely soft, painting your lips red as your maws collide. The moisture from his saliva allowed his slick mouth to painlessly slither along yours. The only way you can think to react is to kiss back, pushing your lips into the clown's as forcefully as you could. You taste a carnival of flavors on his lips, ranging from blood to cotton candy to popcorn to rot. He giggles in response, shoving his lips deeper into the opening of your mouth until you could feel his bucked-teeth grating between your lips.

You could feel the slippery appendage from before emerge from his lips, tracing the inside of your jaw effortlessly. His hand cups your pussy through your jeans, putting pressure around it as he feels its warmth. Out of shock, you bite down, causing the creature to snarl and remove himself from your mouth.

“Oh, you shouldn't have done that,” his voice, becoming distinctly non-human and gritting through an angry pout, grumbles as he grips your face with his left hand. He begins to gravitate towards your neck, grasping onto it. Gentle enough to ensure you won't choke to death, but rough enough to force you into a coughing fit. You feel a sharpness clawing at your pants. The clown's hand distorts into a set of dark, grisly claws that tore through his gloves and ripped through

your pants like they were a spider's web. You squeal in fear as the jeans shed from your hips, revealing your panties and the skin of your legs. He drools in delight, removing the torn clothes from your body and resting a clawed finger on your underwear – right at the sweet spot. He taps his gnarled nail against your clit like a metronome, sending mild shock waves through your system. “Tick, tock, tick, tock.”

He leers at you as his fingernail continues to knock at your clit, repeating “tick tock” over and over again. You can feel yourself getting wet as the repetitive motion hypnotized you. You squirm in his grasp. He breaks his tick-tocking to laugh at you, which seems to make you come out of your daze. His finger tugs at your panties, trying to move them without ripping them to shreds. You continue to writhe, but that only makes him beam harder. This is the closest you have been with someone in a long time. This clown. This disgusting, ravenous, monster clown that is simultaneously prompting you to embrace your fear and even start to bask in it. *This* is the thing that you're intimate with. *This* is the thing turning you on.

He toyed at your entrance, his sharp claw prodding you and pricking you as he playfully wiggled it around your labia. The fabric of your underwear stretches as he plays with you. He sticks his tongue out, letting it hang out of the side of his mouth like a thirsty canine. You squirm as his slips the tip of his finger into you. You can't help but let out a minor gasp as his clawed nail gently scrapes your insides.

“Squishy... Soft... Warm... Wet...,” he gurgles out a slew of words, saliva dribbling from his mouth and onto the hand clutched firmly on your crotch. He spreads his spit over his hand, making it as slippery as possible to allow yet another finger to enter you. You wriggle in his grip, trying to resist the urge to let out a soft moan, but he squeezes onto your neck harder to force it from you. Both his index and middle finger rub your insides as they slip in and out, the end of the claws scraping your walls with every thrust that continuously picked up speed. His eyelids flutter with every thrust of his fingers. You can feel tears drip from the edge of your eyes; you whimper a slight “ow” that barely escapes your throat. The clown notices your pain and slows to a halt, quickly focusing his eyes on you. His grin grows ear to ear. “Sharp!”

“Please--,” is all you can muster. He raises an eyebrow and pulls you in closer to him. He takes a sniff of you, soaking in your fear and lavishing in the mild arousal you’re feeling. You can feel yourself fading.

“*Please? Please? I please you?*” He teases, tittering while he slowly pulls his fingers out of you with a trail of your juices and trickles of blood that follow. His smarmy tongue cleans his soaked fingers in one swoop and proceeds to process the taste. His demonic eyes light up. Whatever you taste like elicited a more-than-happy reaction from the clown. He hoists you up into the air with one hand, still holding onto your neck like it were something that he never wanted to let go of. He carries you backwards, twisting his head and half of his body to face in the opposite direction. The sounds his body make are disturbing; the bones (or lack thereof) cracking with every movement and the slithery sound of skin writhing as it contorts.

He slams you onto the filthy bed, causing you to bounce upward. He finds that amusing. His body reshapes itself to look more human as he jumps on top of you, causing the two of you to rebound as if the bed were a makeshift bounce-house. He chuckles playfully as he stares down at you. Drool trickles carelessly from his maw and drips onto your face; it’s almost like he’s a playground bully taunting you with a ball of phlegm. You stare at him with intrigue, his face seems particularly normal from this angle... well, as normal as can be that is.

“You know what you taste like?” He groans. He hovers his hand over your lower region again, this time sans the claws.

“I... don’t know, what?” You respond, hoping that the answer isn’t something you don’t want to hear. He gently places his large hand on top of your pussy, feeling the warmth and the wetness coming off of it.

“You taste good enough to *eat!*”

Notes for the Chapter:

It only gets juicier from here >:3c

3. Mine

Notes for the Chapter:

SORRY TO LEAVE Y'ALL HANGING!!

I wanted to build a little suspense and give you all something while I had to work on school stuff.

I hope this will suffice ;3c

The clown licks his painted lips and sinks down to your lower torso, one hand still clasped onto your crotch and the other resting firmly on your breast. You don't know whether to feel scared or aroused at his statement – or both. Will he eat you or eat you *out*? You clench your fingers on the grimy bed as he moves his hand out of the way, leaving only his thumb at your clit. You feel a jolt of arousal as he applies pressure, causing you to toss your head back. He repeatedly taps at your clit again but with more and more pressure, sending shockwave after shockwave with every knock. He gently squeezes your breast, his rather large hand caressing the entirety of it.

You can feel something slippery nipping at your entrance, lubricating you even more than your juices already have. You let out a loud gasp as the clown's tongue fills the totality of you without warning. There is a sting as his tongue passes the still sore marks left by his claws. You can feel the appendage wriggling and flicking inside, coating your walls with viscous spit. You squirm from the unexpected pleasure as his tongue writhes excitedly. You didn't want to believe that this is what's making you lose your fear of intimacy, perhaps making you crave it more, but you could feel the anxiety slip from your body as you clutch onto the bed. Beads of sweat bleed from your pores as the clown's tongue slithers between your warm walls with greater agility.

He mumbles something under his breath, but you can't hear what he's saying – if he's even speaking your language at all. His eyes are totally engrossed by yours as he continues to get a mouthful of you, enjoying every flavor he can get. You watch as his left eye begins to drift awry again. His hands simultaneously put more pressure on both your clit and your breast, squeezing harder as his tongue rapidly squiggles, lapping up every inch of your depth. His tongue stroked

nooks and crannies within you that you didn't even realize existed.

"Yummy in my tummy," he gargles; it's difficult to comprehend with his tongue thrust so deep inside of you, but you couldn't help chuckling at his remark. He moves his hands from your breast and clit and onto your inner thighs. He pulls your legs further apart – you hear them make a slight cracking noise.

You watch as his fingers shift into dark, twisted claws again as they dig into your thighs, making you groan with pain as you feel blood trickle from your newly-opened scratches. His tongue still waggles in you hungrily, matching his dilating eyes that never seemed to blink as he watched you wriggle in his hold. You hear obnoxious slurping sounds as he sucks you dry, like a vampire devouring its blood-gorged prey. His tongue thumps into your cervix with every movement, thrusting it further out and further in, twisting as it slides gracefully along your walls. "Ohh... tastes better than fear... yes. Tasty, tasty, tasty, tasty, tasty..."

His muffled voice continues to trail off, looping the word over and over again, as if caught in a trance. You can feel a wave of ecstasy start to overcome you. With every flick of his tongue you can feel yourself slipping further and further into the wave, nearly on the verge of surfing it, prepared to wipe out at any moment. The clown's claws dig deeper into your skin, making you cling to the mattress, pulling at it instinctively. You ignore the tingle of pain that rides through your body and try to focus on your incoming frenzy, your breathing getting heavier and heavier. You can feel his tongue begin to slowly remove itself from you, a thick layer saliva and juices oozing out along with it. Right as you were about to completely climax too. It's almost as if he's teasing you... *he knew you were close.*

"Ah-ah. Penny's turn to play," the clown waggles his gloved finger before climbing over top of you like an animal in heat. *Penny? That's a weird name for a monster.* Penny pinned both of your arms down, shoving you into the bed. He looms over you, drool splattering onto your face as he wore a sinister grin. He leans down, resting his body on top of yours, and propels his sloppy, wet mouth onto your lips. They push back on their own. His slippery tongue snakes its way between your lips. You don't bite down on it this time, letting it trace along your teeth and gums, glazing your mouth with saliva. It tastes

like your fluids and popcorn, with a hint of dried blood. You didn't think about it and start to swirl your own tongue with his, colliding together wildly like an out of control carousel. You can feel his face contort, smiling wider and wider. You can see his gums and the tiny, sharp teeth that hid within them. The smooth texture of Penny's skin-tight suit rubbed against your bare skin. It felt cold amidst the warmth of his slender form as it lay directly on top of you, heating up your already sweating body.

You feel something stiff, concealed in silky fabric, suddenly nudge against your crotch. You dare not break from the clown's kiss, in fear that your lips may break with you, but you could only assume what it was that prodded right against your pussy. You squirm in his grasp, causing his claws to dig into your arms. The cloth-wrapped appendage slowly maneuvered itself onto your clit. You feel it twitch through his pants. He rumbles eagerly, your tongues still interlocked together. His lower half begins to slowly move forward and backward... painfully slow.

He grinds his throbbing erection on you repeatedly, huffing loudly as his body lunges forward and arches back. Drool seeps ceaselessly into your mouth, yet you continue kissing the clown, swallowing the spit as your tongues tussle. You hardly even notice it nor bother to care. With every grating hump, Penny hisses with fervor. A muffled moan escapes from your throat as he begins to grind harder against your clit. He mimics your moan and snickers to himself. Bullets of sweat shoot from you as he rocks your body through his baggy pants. You ache for the real thing, your body tightening with delight as he pulls you in closer to him. You can hear his dense breathing, your mouths never parting. His panting mixes in with low growls that remind you of a thirsty hound in the middle of summer. You feel his cock throb ravenously as he slows his grinding to a halt. He straightens his body, pulling his face off of yours but keeping his seemingly infinite tongue dangling from his jaw, the end remaining within the confines of your mouth.

He shreds the front of his puffy pants open with one swift strike of his claws, revealing a large, slimy, and inhuman member that twitched with excitement as soon as it was released from its silky prison. It was a reddish color, as far as you can tell, but seemed to fluctuate

between shades at will. It may be a trick of the moonlight, but it seems to casually alter sizes as well, moving on its own like a snake. He prods it back where it was and begins to grind it against you again vigorously. He lets out a hiss of pleasure, his eyelids fluttering as he picks up his pace. His cock secretes a slimy substance that slathers the top of your vagina, allowing it to swiftly and easily slip against you. Every thrust sends tremors through your body. You feel the sensation of ecstasy pooling in your lower half yet again – at least until he comes to a standstill, denying your orgasm once more. He clutches your red-hot cheeks with his slender fingers.

"I won't let you do that yet... we still have more playing to do," he grumbles, narrowing his radiant amber eyes at you. He snatches your hand and yanks it downward, placing it on his slippery, trembling cock. It feels hot in your hands as it moves on its own, slithering impatiently. You impulsively maneuver it to your entrance, knowing that's exactly where it should be. It teases and pokes at your opening, still secreting its snail-esque ooze. He purrs in delight, petting your cheek with his thumb. Your heart begins racing in anticipation. He leans into the crux of your neck and takes in your scent. "Sweeter than cotton candy..."

Without warning, he arches his back and forcefully slams his girth into you, filling you up completely. You scream in pain and pleasure, melting into the mattress as the clown's massiveness overwhelms you. It doesn't take long for you to get used to his size as your walls naturally wrap around it. He utters an inhuman howl as his eyes roll back into his head leaving nothing but whiteness. His jaw gapes open, allowing drool to flood from his mouth like a broken dam. He stands completely still with his cock deep inside of you, as if he were broken from the impact.

"T... tight," he finally stammers, his mouth barely moving. He slowly begins to move, gradually letting his cock slide slightly out. He whimpers quietly as he thrusts deeper in you. You bite your bottom lip eagerly. Penny collapses onto you, his mouth directly lands on the nape of your neck. He reaches above you and grips the dingy mattress. You can hear his claws ripping the fabric – better it than you. He plunges sluggishly, not used to the tightness of your pussy. He looks up at you, puppy dog eyes rolled back in place. He looks

entranced and voracious. This feeling must be new to him – not yet acquainted to it yet his eyes colored him hungry for more.

His jaw suddenly closes on your neck, cutting through the skin, but not deep enough to do irreparable harm. You cry out as blood trickles down your neck and cascading behind you, puddling onto the mattress. He moans, picking up the pace of his thrusts. Your shriek only enhancing his desire. He gently kisses where he bit you, as if trying to make it feel better – tears start to form from the pain. He picks his face up and plants his bloodied lips onto yours. The familiar tongue regains its rightful spot between your lips. The taste of your own blood nearly makes you sick. His tongue craves more than what your gums have to offer. He pushes it further past your uvula and into your throat. You gag as his tongue and his cock thrust at the same speed, rapidly gaining momentum. He tosses his head back and roars, blood and saliva overflowing from his jaws like a waterfall. His red hair, once in a neat and symmetrical shape, swept across his head wildly – he was entirely untamed like a ferocious beast. He looks like a monster and treats you as a monster would, yet with every thrust of his cock you can ignore the pain and get lost in his rhythm.

His tongue swiftly withdraws from your throat and coils back into his open maw. He seizes your waist and twists you onto your stomach, plopping you into the pool of your own blood. His cock still deep within you, pulsating and moving on its own. He wraps his lengthy arms around you. He tenderly gropes your breasts, playing with your erect nipples.

“So wet and soft,” he whispers as he slams his cock in and out sporadically, varying his thrusts from rough to rougher to the roughest he could be. He drools onto your back. You were absolutely caked in his saliva and you knew it would never stop coming – his drool is as infinite as his tongue. You hear his voice bark from behind. “*Say my name.*”

“P-Penny?” You whimper through shaky breaths, unsure if that’s even his name at all. You feel his hand at your bleeding throat, gently lifting you close to his chest.

“...wise,” he hisses in your ear, sending chills down your spine as he barely maintains a human voice. He pulls out of you until only the tip

teetered at your entrance. “Pennywise. Say it.”

“P...Penny--wise!” you moan as he abruptly slams his full length into you. He cackles as your body shakes. He bites down on your shoulder, not nearly as hard as he did with your neck. He sucks at your skin, coating your wound with saliva. You have never been treated like this before – like a chew toy, a fuck toy. He’s hurt you, bruised you, and bloodied you. You’re wounded and being thrown around like a piece of meat... and yet he feels so good, too good to be true. He fills up every inch of you, better than anyone else you’ve been with. Your fear of intimacy, despite Pennywise’s attempts to control you with it, seemed to float away like a balloon in the wind. Something about his intensity hypnotized you, driving you to yearn for more.

“*You’re close again,*” he murmurs, before you could even feel it yourself. He shoves you onto the mattress, his claws planted firmly on your back holding you down. He shreds open your shirt, revealing your bare back. His nails graze into your skin, drawing more blood from you. You throw your head back to exclaim, only for Pennywise to snatch your hair and tug it, his body crashing into you hastily. “I’ll let you. I’ll let you this time. *Go on.*”

By the end of his sentence, your body starts to vibrate; that feeling of pure ecstasy pooling in your lower half once again. Your clitoris twinges as the clown’s cock continues to ram into your soaking cunt. You whine and whimper, noises that you’d only heard in porno fleeing from your esophagus as your body winces and flails, toes curling. Pennywise laughs while he watches you squirm and contort with pleasure, knowing he did this to you. Your walls close in on his cock, pulsating and asphyxiating it like a wet, fleshy noose. He snarls with enthusiasm, his girth twitching excitedly inside you. You breathe rapidly, trying to catch your breath from the most intense orgasm of your life. Your body, moist with sweat, blood, tears, and saliva aches.

“Penny’s turn,” the clown huffs. He wraps his arms around you again, constricting you as he piledrives his cock with a thrilled pace, deep and rough. His cock, sopping from your juices, makes a disgusting sucking sound as it drilled into you.

You can feel it begin to quake within you, prepared to unleash its own fluids at any second. Pennywise's claws dig into your stomach as he clamps onto you tightly. He lets out a thunderous roar as his thrusts come to an end. You can feel the hot, viscid fluid pump into you and erupt out of you, pouring onto the mattress. His cock rumbled like an earthquake in you. The tremble of his girth makes your walls lock down again as a smaller, less powerful orgasm overcomes you. He didn't let go as he continued to pump you full of seed. His head is buried in your back, but you can feel him frothing at the mouth and covering you in more of his spit. His jaw is hanging open and his eyes, yet again, trundled to the back of his head. He thrusts once more, his come almost never-ending as it spills from you, the thrust only making it leak out faster. When he felt that he had filled you to the brim, he pulls his glossy cock out of you, leaving a thick trail of his fluids and your fluids still connected. He turns you over onto your back and places a hand on your abdomen, gently squeezing. You feel more of his warm juices explode out of you – *God, how much was there?*

He drearly lays next to you, exhausted by the orgasm which you presume had to be his first. He entombs his face in the crux of your neck. You feel him lick you, lapping up the drying blood he drew earlier. He sighs heavily and embraces you. No constricting, no scratching, no pain – just a warm embrace that catches you off guard.

“You really are *delicious*,” he mutters, his breath heavy and hot on your neck. You gulp, realizing that his end goal, this entire night, was to eat you. Not eat you out... eat you.

“Are you... are you still going to eat me... after all of that?” You whine, slightly turning your aching head to him. He looks up at you, a grin plastered on his face.

“Maybe... *unless*...,” he continues. One of his hands hovers over your clit again.

“Unless... what?”

“Unless you promise to stay here... with me,” he rasped in a sing-song manner, tapping at your sweet spot again with every pause in his sentence. “Stay here. And be my little human toy... to play with...”

wheneeeever I want... forever and ever... until you die of old age or sickness... *whatever comes first.*"

You shudder and huff with every rap of his finger. You had no choice. You could either get eaten alive on the spot or be used like a plaything by this... *thing*. He snickers, bringing his hand back to hold you. He knew you had no choice. He already knew the answer.

"Okay... I'm... I'm yours," you shut your eyes and wish that this were just a bizarre wet dream, but the searing pain left from Pennywise's scratches and bite marks that scar your skin tell a different story. You just made a deal with the devil. A devil that fucked you senseless and wants to keep you as his toy for the rest of your natural life. You lay next to him, coated in his fluids and battered in blood. The moonlight shines on you, illuminating your sins

"Mine."

4. Cleaning Up

Summary for the Chapter:

You really should listen when a creepy, killer monster tells you to do something... What are you? A glutton for punishment?

Sunlight pours into the cracks of the room, flooding your closed eyes with a burning ray of light. You slowly open your weary eyes, head spinning. Your eyelids flutter and reveal the same dingy, dirty, moldy, ugly room you were in last night. Last night... what a night that was. Your body, sore and crusted with various fluids and blood, stings sharply as you slightly move on the warn-out, blood-riddled bed. You inhale cuttingly, trying to sit up as far as your body would allow you. You twist your body around to find that there was nobody next to you... Pennywise disappeared. Where could he have run off to? Was he even real? The scars and dried fluids on your body gave you your answer to the latter, but you still couldn't help but wonder where the clown went. You sit all the way up, groaning in pain. You rub your aching head and get a good look around the sunlight room. The wallpaper was torn to shreds and cobwebs dangled abundantly from the ceiling. A rat snuck past your leg, causing you to jump. This place is a dump, but you recall Pennywise's words... it's your home now, forever and always.

You force yourself to get up. You limp towards the wide-open door, which amazingly didn't shut on you suddenly like it would in a horror movie. You search the long, dusty, dark corridor for a bathroom, somewhere you can wash off the blood and come that caked your skin – you felt absolutely disgusting. When you came across a bathroom, there were rats and spiders crawling every which way, webs sticking from every surface, and broken glass scattered on the floor. You sigh and brave your way inside, sifting the rats and dispersing the spiders as you watch your step amongst the glass. You turn on the faucet on the broken sink to discover that there is no running water – you should have known. You can feel your chest get heavy. Damn it. You didn't want to cry, but the waterworks start to drip from the corner of your eyes. You wished you could just shower

in your tears.

GRRRROOOOUU

Your stomach rumbled loud and inhuman noises. Hunger sets in only to make matters worse. You grasp your stomach, trying to quell the sounds. You stare at a rat, eyeing it down. Anything looks delicious at this point, but you quickly realize that you don't want to make things even more difficult and give yourself rabies. You groan, hungry and aching, battered in various fluids that made your skin feel as if you were made from paper. You've only been here a day and you already wish you'd just the clown devour you. Perhaps this was a mistake, but the way he made you feel last night was something you could only describe as sensational. Maybe you don't want that feeling to go away. Maybe you crave more of it. Right now, at this moment, that's all you want to feel again.

You hear the sound of a door slamming downstairs. You jump slightly, worried thoughts racing through your head. Is Pennywise mad? Or is it someone else? What would they think if they saw you like this? Would they help you? Leave you for dead? Use you? All of these thoughts flurry in your mind like a snowstorm as the thunderous footsteps crept up the stairs. Each step creaking as their feet, followed by something even heavier, climbs higher up. A raspy voice whispers your name. You turn to see Pennywise, suddenly looming in the door frame carrying a naked corpse by its legs. The corpse looks to be that of a young adult, perhaps a teenager, but you couldn't tell and didn't dare to ask. He's carrying a pair of clothes in his other hand, presumably once belonging to the corpse. You notice that the hole in his pants that he had torn last night was gone, completely reformed like it never happened, if only your clothes could do the same.

"For you," he gives a toothy smile and tosses them at you. A plain black t-shirt and a pair of jean shorts that look to be just your size. You stare at them, noticing small splashes of blood on the shorts. You cringe at the sight, but the clown stares at you waiting for a response, eyes shimmering with anticipation. "Well?"

"Oh, t-thanks," you mumble, smirking faintly. He grows a satisfied smile and proceeds to walk backwards, without even looking behind

him. You hesitate to ask if you could get some food, but you know if you don't, you may starve to death. "Wait – Penny...wise? I'm, uh... I'm really hungry. Do you think I can maybe get something to eat?"

He lumbers forward, clown boots stomping loudly. He reaches the door frame and glances at you, his eyes glowing hungrily in the darkness of the corridor. He steps into the bathroom, the corpse dragging behind him, leaving a trail of blood in its wake. You stare as he narrows his eyes, contemplating what to tell you. His nostrils flare and his lower eyelids twitch.

"Hungry? Want some?" He points to the bloodied corpse with a large grin on his face. You nearly vomit in your mouth at the thought. "I don't like sharing, but if you die of starvation, who will I play with?"

"I appreciate the offer, but I'd really like it if I could have... human food? Not... food that is human," you chuckle nervously. Your stomach booms, starving and craving something – anything... that isn't human flesh, of course. Pennywise's eyes lit up at the sound. He drops the corpse and swiftly swoops over to you. He places an ear at your abdomen, trying to listen for the noise again. His head shifts around your belly until it roars once more. You hear him mumble something to himself. *Why is he doing this?*

"Food. Yes. Food. You need food. *Human food*," he mutters, his eyes rushing around wildly. He seems perplexed, maybe even upset that you're so hungry. He's probably never had to deal with humans being hungry before, considering he's the one hungry for humans. He gently rubs your stomach with his blood-covered hand, attempting to sooth you. He looks up at you, his eyes appearing blue rather than the typical amber you've become accustomed to. "What can I get you?"

"Actually... I was... hoping I can go and get food myself? Since I know exactly what I'm looking for," you swallow your spit and close an eye, expecting the answer to be a brutal no. He raises his head from your stomach slowly, his eyes shifting back to yellow, eyelids opened wide. His left eye float askew again as his mouth trembled. His hand snatches your jaw, lifting your head up slightly.

"No, no, *no*. If you leave, you may not come back. And if you don't

come back...,” his voice trailed off to a hiss, fluctuating between a normal tone to something more monstrous. He shakes his head vigorously as his eyes flash, telling you without words just how much of a world of hurt you will be in if you leave, even for a moment. “You may not *ever* come back again.”

“I promise you I’ll come back. If I just run back home and get some food, I-I’ll come back. I swear,” you plead nervously, stammering, trying not to cry as the clown’s grip on your chin tightens. “You can keep an eye on me and w-watch me. I *will* come back. I-I made a promise to you, Pennywise.”

Drool drips from Pennywise’s mouth, his eyes never separating from you. His upper lip curls upward, revealing his entire row of teeth. His head cocks to the side like a confused animal, making a loud cracking noise. The two of you sit in stillness for a tick, staring one another down. A rat brushes past your leg on its way to the corpse; it begins to gnaw on it slowly. You feel a bead of sweat trickle down your back, goosebumps riddling your skin. His eyes dart around as he finally makes a decision.

“Okay. Okay. Okay. But... I will be watching. You will get the food and you will come right back. Nothing more,” he waggles his finger, demanding you to behave like a mother to her child. He releases your chin and stands up, seizing the rancid corpse on his way out. His gaze on you never breaks as he points to his eyes. “Always watching.”

You nod your head as he shimmies out of sight, yet you knew he was still watching. You never felt his radiant eyes leave you. You take a deep, shaky breath and grasp the broken, porcelain sink to help lift yourself up. You climb to your feet, holding the pair of clothes Pennywise brought you. You’re not sure if you should wear the clothes of a dead person, but your clothes were basically nonexistent thanks to all of the rips and tears that basically presented your entire body to the world. You shrug off the despairing fact and shed your clothes to change. You can feel Penny’s eyes fixated on you the entire time, despite him not being in the same room. He was always watching you – from the moment you moved to Derry, you’ve felt eyes on you. Watching your every movement, waiting for the perfect time to strike. Now you at least know who they belong to – or what they belong to.

The new clothes didn't fit quite right; they were a little too small, suffocating your form ever so slightly. You figure you can try to ignore it until you get home – you can change there. If Pennywise would let you, at least. He told you to grab the food then come back, not replace the “fresh” new clothes he got for you. He probably wouldn't mind *that* much, would he? You breathe in and get a whiff of yourself... you absolutely reek of sex and blood. You gag as you look in the broken mirror – you're a mess. Your hair is absolutely tangled, your face and neck drenched in gore, and your eyes are bloodshot and tired. You can't go out like this, but you have to. You don't have much of a choice. Maybe... just maybe you can sneak in a quick shower at home. Your encrusted skin and terrible odor was enough to make you cringe. You *need* a shower, regardless of what Pennywise had to say.

You head down the stairs quietly, each step still creaking with every movement. You absorb the living room of the semi-abandoned Neibolt house. Broken furniture and miscellaneous knick-knacks scattered across the floor, mold and dust surrounding the entirety of the floor and walls, and trees overgrown into the broken windows. You hear bones snapping followed by low, rumbling growls in a room nearby. Pennywise must be enjoying his meal. As you reach for the doorknob, you clench your fist.

“I'll be back,” you force yourself to yell. There is silence until you hear the sound of breaking bones being munched on once again. He already knows you'll be back. You had *better* be back. You open the door and swoop underneath the boards covering the frame. You bask in the heat of the sun feeling oddly free – even though you knew you weren't. For the first time, you felt lucky that your house was not far from Neibolt Street. You want to get there as quick as possible and avoid being seen. People would absolutely stop someone who is drenched in blood and look as if they were walking corpse. You take a deep breath and step off of the porch, beginning your journey home. You stride at a fast pace, looking around for potential people that may spot you. Your anxiety is high. You can feel your heart begin to beat rapidly as you tread through the quiet, winding road.

On your way home, your mind wanders. You can't stop thinking about Pennywise. Last night replays in your mind over and over. The

thought of the pain of his jaws closing in on you clashing with the mind-numbing sensation of being fucked into oblivion eats at you. It felt so good, yet you feel so... wrong. You feel wrong for wanting it and even worse for wanting more of it. You hadn't craved sex in so long – you can't even remember the last time you've had sex. Your anxieties of getting close to anyone enough to have sex with them was too asphyxiating. But getting dominated by this... thing – this definitely not human beast that branded you and marked you, claimed you as its own. It's new to you. Oddly intoxicating, like floating on cloud nine but with more sharp things.

You filled your lungs with a deep breath of the clean, Derry air. You have to admit, it's cleaner than back home. The small town freshness was relaxing. As you turn the corner, you see that your house is just up ahead. You have short flashbacks to when you met Penny last night... or well, knew he was following you. The whistles still haunt you. You turn your head to see a mother and her daughter walking down the sidewalk. The girl, no more than nine years old, looks at you in horror, covering her mouth and tugging at her mother's dress. The mother locks eyes with you, but her expression remains eerily blank. The girl still gapes at you as her mother drags her further down the sidewalk, hurrying her along. Kids were right to fear Neibolt Street; they can see the horrors of this town more than the adults. Why haven't you been able to see what has been happening all this time until now? Why now? You're an adult, but you've been shielded from Pennywise and his influence – besides the feeling of being watched, but perhaps you'd always thought it was the anxiety and not the actual gaze of some kind of monster.

You get to the door of your cozy, one-story home and reach for the handle. You don't recall locking the door, if you did you would be shit out of luck with no key. You turn it and the door opens before you. You lock the door behind you and inspect around, hoping no one has snuck in or stolen something. Everything is exactly as you left it. You head towards the kitchen but the crusted blood and come on your desiccated skin reminds you that you want to shower. You bite your fist, knowing it will anger the clown that you promised your life to. But you told yourself you would – no matter what.

You scurry to the bathroom, tearing off your clothes down the hall.

You fling open the door and close it, running over to the shower faucet and turning it on as swiftly as possible. This shower needs to be quick. You shed your last sock and hop in the water, tearing the curtain across the bar. The warmth of the water pours your skin, beating over you and soaking you tenderly. You take a moment to immerse yourself in the embrace of the water, losing yourself in how satisfying it is after being in the disgusting environment of the decrepit house you spent the night in. The sting of your wounds bites at you as the water hits them, but you didn't have time to clean them properly. You didn't have much supplies to do that with anyway. As you reach for your bar soap, you hear a rattling outside of the shower. You ignore it and snatch the soap. It slips from your hands and falls onto the floor. *Butterfingers.*

You bend to get the soap, as the rattling gets louder. You feel your heart skip a beat as the lights flicker. You concentrate on finishing the shower as quickly as possible and rub the soap all over your body, scrubbing harder at the blood and caked fluids solidified on you.

"Y/N..." a voice rasps, muffled as if coming from the sink beside you. You recognize the voice, sending a cold shiver down your spine, interrupting the warm feeling the shower contained you in. You scrub harder until your skin starts to hurt. The rattling gets louder until you hear the breaking of porcelain, as if your sink has completely cracked open. There's a presence in the room. A familiar presence. You turn your head to see the silhouette of a tall, lanky figure looming outside the shower curtain. Beaming, yellow eyes glowing through the curtain, gawking at you ravenously. Low growling emanating from its mouth. Pennywise. "Bad, *bad* little toy."

You scream as he tears through the shower curtain with his claws, eyes flashing wildly as saliva showered from his sharpened tooth grin. He marches into the shower. He grabs you're your neck with both hands and slams you into the wall of the shower, holding you high. He looks at you with eyes of fury, upset that you disobeyed him. His fiery hair drapes over his bulbous head, covering his cross eyes. His makeup never melting from the water. His skin-tight suit clings even more tightly onto him. You can see the outline of what bulged beneath his pants clearly.

"I told you. I *told* you. Food and then back. Is that so *difficult*? Even *I* can do it," he hisses, bringing you to his face. He inhales your scent and shakes his head violently, his red lips curled into a pout. He narrows his beady eyes, still sniffing away at you. "My scent... is fading... but the stench of your fear is strong. Stronger than before."

His tongue flicks rapidly from his mouth and onto your neck, licking up the old blood and soap that bubbled on your skin. You felt his wet, gloved hand wrap firmly around your neck as the other traversed its way down to your crotch. His grip grew harsher as you choked out a muffled apology. "I'm sorry, P-Penny. I-I needed—"

He didn't care what you had to say. He growls eagerly, mouth twitching as his hand clamps down on your pussy and your throat. You feel a tinge of excitement and slight arousal fraternizing with your fright. He can smell it on you and he relished in it.

"Pitiful humans and their poor, poor memory. And cleaning off *my* scent? *Tsk, tsk*. Bad girl," he snarls, shaking his head mockingly, eyes not even facing in the same direction. Your stomach roars abruptly, Pennywise's eyes ignite at the noise. He moves his hand from down under to your stomach, placing it there as he glares at you, salivating more than usual. "You're still hungry. I know just what to feed you."

Pennywise drops you onto the shower floor and caresses your head, pushing it towards the bulge in his pants. You feel your cheek rub against the hard spot of his sopping, silky suit. He slowly pulls his puffy silver pants down, rather than ripping them to shreds. His member springs freely, already throbbing in front of you. You finally get a clear view of his entire genitalia. His cock was a unique marbled red, dark and light blended together with bright lines, much like his make-up, curling to the tip. The pink tip, oozing fluid, was sheathed between the soft, spiny outer shaft of his cock. It was slimy and shiny and not human-like in the slightest. As he pulls his pants down further, there is even more to his body than you could have thought. You see a cage of teeth with two pink, slippery tentacles dangling from it. It's the most alien thing you have ever seen and you can't help but wish you were still in the dark so you didn't have to look at it. The odor of his lower region was foul. You nearly gag taking in the fishy, sewage smell that wafted into your nostrils. He laughs at you as he prods his dick near your lips, rubbing it on them

like lipstick. The ooze coats your mouth, but you refuse to open up.

"You don't deserve to be picky," Pennywise sneers, clutching onto your hair, pulling it tightly to make your mouth open. The appendages that hung from his toothy genitals whip around your wrists, acting as handcuffs. They slam you into the wall, incapacitating your arms to make sure you can't move. You squirm in their grasp to no avail. "Dinner time."

He rams his cock between your lips, not giving your mouth a moment to adapt to his massive girth before sliding all the way to the back of your throat. You gag, causing him to emit a gurgling laugh that transitions into a stretched moan. He slowly pulls himself in and out, unaffected by the grating of your teeth on the rough surface of his skin. The taste was atrocious, almost exactly like it smells. You feel a third appendage slither onto your breasts, wrapping around them tightly. The end of it suctions onto your nipple, nibbling at it like it had teeth of its own. You can hardly breathe as Pennywise's pace begins to pick up, going further and further down your throat with each thrust. He pulls his entirety out of you for a moment to let you take in some air, but the water pouring down from the shower head fills your jaw instead. He shoves himself back into you with a rough buck, filling your entire mouth with ease. Spit flows from your mouth as you try not to vomit with each thrust. His hand gently combs through your hair, counteracting with the roughness of him face-fucking you.

"Mm. Hungry, hungry girl," you look up at him with his cock burrowed in your mouth. His eyelids are fluttering and his mouth hangs open in a satisfied expression, water pouring into his mouth and mixing with slobber that dispensed from his lips endlessly. He licks his lips as he slows his thrusts. "If you do a good job, it'll taste just like cotton candy. Cotton candy lollipop."

The mention of a lollipop makes you instinctively start moving your tongue in small, circular motions, treating his dick as if it were actually a piece of candy. He growls softly, almost sounding like a deranged purr. You start moving your head back and forth at your own pace, still twisting your tongue across his shaft. He jerks slightly, his cock trembling slightly as you start moving your head faster. He starts to secrete a fluid that coats the inside of your mouth; it actually

does taste like cotton candy. The nasty aroma also fades into a sickly-sweet scent. The flavor makes you want to keep sucking.

The tentacles apprehending your hands release you. One of them slinks to your pussy, beginning to play with your entrance while the other hangs idle. You grab his cock with one hand and the tentacle with the other, simultaneously stroking them. Pennywise lets out a contented howl, gripping your head gently. The appendage on your tits sucks harder, making you utter a muffled ‘*mmf*.’ You look up at him to see a disheveled mess of a monster. His drenched, fiery hair riddled over his pale face, eyes rolled back, shark-toothed mouth agape. His make-up remains unscathed. You take a weird satisfaction in doing this to him – absolutely breaking this disgusting monster. Turning him into a trembling mess. Something about it really turns you on.

Pennywise’s grasp on your head tightens as he forcefully begins fucking your face again. His cock shutters in your mouth. His slithery appendage teases your entrance, flicking playfully as he rams himself into your throat repeatedly. He growls as his thrusting ceases. It isn’t long before you feel hot, viscous fluid exploding down your gullet. It tasted like cotton candy too. The sticky-sweet hot liquid filled your throat and your mouth as he starts to pull out, still pumping liquid flavor down into you. The tentacle in your hand secretes a liquid too, coating your hand and dripping onto the shower floor, racing the water down the drain. The clown pulls out entirely, still coming, letting it spew over your face. It washes off almost immediately from the shower.

“*Eat up*,” he huffs, grinning ear to ear. You swallow all of his seed down your sore throat. It runs down your throat, warming your stomach when it reaches it. You oddly enough do feel less hungry. As you gulp down the last drop, Pennywise lifts you up by your head. He collides his tongue onto your face, lapping up the remaining puddles of come before his lips reach yours. He sticks his slimy tongue in your mouth, sliding it along your gums and making sure you really ate up all of his fluids. He kisses you deeply. You peek to see his eyes still open, staring at you fiercely, hungry for more. You feel his one tentacle rescind from your breast while the other plunges itself into your pussy. You let out a sigh of pleasure as it slowly pushes further

into you. You feel his cock push up against your clit, lightly nudging against it. He rumbles softly as he snatches your legs, hoisting them up. “Your punishment isn’t over yet, my pet.”

As his tentacle slips in and out of you, you feel a second, firmer member push at your entrance, prodding gently. A muffled scream escapes your throat as he shoves his cock into you, just as hard as it was when it was in your mouth. Both his slippery tentacle and his warm, thickness are buried deep inside of you. He squeals with pleasure, pulsating within your walls. He pulls apart from your lips leaving a trail of saliva connecting the two of you.

“Soft and wet, thumping like a beating heart,” he whispers into your ear, giggling like a child. His jaw hovers over your neck. You feel his hot, watery breath on you as his sharp teeth poke your skin. You clench your fists as his gnarled fangs scrapes your throat, cutting just barely under the skin. You suck air through your teeth in pain and pleasure as Pennywise thrusts into you at the same pace as your heart beat. He guffaws maniacally, his teeth still sunk into you. “*Ba-thump, ba-thump, ba-thump.*”

Both appendages drill into you mercilessly, going faster as your heart rate increases. You’ve never had this much in you at once. It’s driving you mad with pleasure, stretching you until you can barely hold on much longer. You hear him growl and pant quietly, his tongue dangling like a thirsty mutt. The water rushes over your body, cascading onto both of you and only adding to the heat of the moment. The room is absolutely steaming. If it weren’t for the water, you would be drenched in sweat. You feel your breathing get heavier and heavier with every thrust. You grip onto his skintight suit, biting your lip in ecstasy. He grabs your swollen, bleeding neck and stares intently into your eyes.

“Enjoying this, are you?” He snarls, displeased that you’re enjoying his so-called ‘punishment.’ His upper lip twitches as he yanks himself out of you, a loud squelching noise follows. You sigh as he drives his wet lips onto yours again, but not for very long before he drops your legs and slams you face-first into the other side of the shower wall. You groan as he snatches your arms, pulling them backwards. You feel his slimy appendages crash into your pussy again, even harder than before. You yelp as he starts to fuck you faster and more roughly

than he has before, causing enough friction to start a fire. You can't help but utter an elongated moan. Pennywise was quick to shut you up. He releases one of your arms to shove his wet fingers in your mouth, the rest of his fingers gently clasping your throat. "Shh-shh. Quiet time."

He giggles, plunging away at you with force. He lets go of your other arm and smashes you into wall, your breasts pushing against the cold surface. With one hand gripping your neck, the other pulls back and smacks your ass with enough force to make your whole body wince. He grips onto your ass, squeezing it firmly. Your entire body shakes as he continues to drive away at you. You can feel the slimmer tentacle wrap around his cock, writhing around it, making his member act like a literal drill as he continues to roughhouse you. He smacks your ass again, harder than before, causing you to scream at the top of your lungs. He laughs in response, his hand around your neck gripping tighter.

Your lower half begins to twitch, arousal pooling like the aftermath of a hurricane at your clit. You gasp for air as your walls clench down on Pennywise, your body shaking as you come. You hear him suck in air too as his thrusts accelerate as fast as he can allow himself to go. He lets go of your throat and clutches your ass with both hands, you feel a sharpness pierce your skin as his fingers turn to claws once again, tearing through another pair of gloves. *How many of those does he have?* You gently turn your head around to look at him; he's practically frothing at the mouth, his eyes nothing but white, with a sliver of his orange corneas hiding below his eyelids which quivered subtly. Your toes curl and your chest heaves as your body keeps tightening, shutting as the fleeting feeling of pleasure comes to an end. You can hear the clown's breathing get heavier from behind you, knowing that he is about to finish for a second time.

His thrusting comes to a rapid stop as you feel the familiar rush of warmth fill your insides, already seeping from you. Waves of his fluids pump into you. You can feel both the tentacle and his cock throbbing synchronously, rubbing against the tightness of your pussy with every pump. His grasp on your ass only tightens as you hear him growl and mutter to himself under his dense breaths, drool falling down your back and flooding off into the water. He quickly jerks

himself out of you. You feel him propelling more of his juices onto your back. You watch as it all pours out of you and races down the drain, dancing around in a circular motion before falling down into the darkness. He turns you around, placing his hand on the wall behind your head, keenly gazing into your eyes. His other hand grazes your chin.

“You earthwomen... always so much *fun*,” he chuckles, putting his thumb against your lips softly. His eyes shift back into the baby blue from earlier, glistening as he narrows his eyes at you. “Now you know to listen to me, yes? Or... are you a glutton for punishment? I know you enjoyed it. I *felt* you enjoying it.”

“Maybe I did,” you smirk, kissing his thumb playfully. Maybe you did enjoy his ‘punishment.’ After all, you enjoyed last night. You can’t remember the last time someone had made you feel this way – this excitement, this... pleasure. For the longest time, you’ve been alone and in your own head, using only your hand to get off, if you ever even felt like it. Perhaps you are a glutton for punishment.

“Clean up, toy. Grab your food and whatever else you need and let’s go back home – your NEW home,” he coos, booping your nose before slinking out of the shower. Like a dog, he shakes his entire body to dry off, splattering water all over the shower curtain and presumably, the entire room. You sigh before taking the bar soap and finishing up your shower. Your new home... a new life. A life you never thought you’d have, not even for a moment. You look to see that Pennywise is gone; either waiting outside for you to finish, or waiting back at Neibolt.

You don’t want to keep him waiting, do you?

Notes for the Chapter:

PHEW

Sorry for the long chapter :,D

I decided that I wanted to continue this a little more.

Hope y'all like it~!

Author's Note:

The first chapter is pretty slow, buuut the next one is gonna be long and juicy ;>

This is my first time writing smut and also /reader so bare with me!